

14  
THE  
STATE DUNCES.

Inscribed to

Mr. P O P E.

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*I from my Soul sincerely hate*

*Both ——— and M——rs of State.*

SWIFT.

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PART II. Being the Last.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DICKENSON, in *Witch-Street*. 1733.

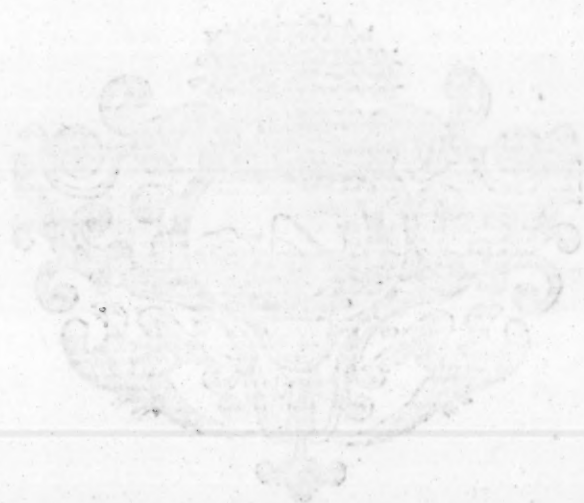
[ Price ONE SHILLING. ]

THE  
STATUTE DUNCES

Inscribed to

MR. P. O. R.

PART II.  the last.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Richardson in New Street. 1783.

[The One Shilling.]





THE  
STATE DUNCES:

Inscribed to

Mr. *P O P E*.

**O**NCE more, O *Pope*, I take the Pen in Hand,  
To lash the *guilty Great Ones* of the Land;  
Satire, I find, is laid aside in vain,  
Fresh *Dunces*, see, appear a num'rous Train;  
*Dunces* to *Merit*, who have no Pretence,  
*Sworn* Friends to *Dulness*, and *sworn* Foes to *Sense*.  
Nor need we doubt, whilst *Appius* has the Sway,  
But *mighty Dunces* will gain Ground each Day.  
*Staunch blundering Dunces* of right *Spaniel Breed*,  
Who'll ne'er forsake the Man by whom they're *fee'd*,  
But plunge thro' *thick* and *thin* in Time of Need. }

Amongst

Amongst this gloomy Crew, this hireling Band,  
 Well taught to *fetch* and *carry* at Command,  
 First virtuous *P—t* our Attention claims,  
 The *best* of *Husbands*, to the *worst* of *Dames* :  
*Poor Man* ! had but his *Plot* successful prov'd,  
 How he'd been eas'd of one he never lov'd !  
 To his Misfortune that was not his Lot,  
 He was not born the Day *before* the *Plot*.

However 'twas *well* meant, th' Attempt was brave,  
 And shews him not to *Principles* a *Slave*.  
 Just such *staunch* *Servants* some *Great Men* desire,  
 Who ne'er will *flinch*, whatever they require.

But not alone does *P—t* serve the Cause,  
 With him a num'rous servile Clan he draws ;  
 All ready broke, and disciplin'd to Hand,  
 To *Sp—k* or *V—e* at *Appius'* Command ;  
 Had he but gain'd a few more such such Supplies,  
 He had not mourn'd his *darling* lost *Ex—se*.

Then *C—l* next his *venal* Forces brings,  
 A *supple* Clan, which from the *Highlands* springs ;

*All*



*All craving Wights, true Friends to APPIUS' Cause,*  
*Whilst He's in Power, and his Purse-Strings draws ;*  
*But should the Giant once be in Disgrace,*  
*The fawning Slaves wou'd turn, and curse him to his Face.*

Nor are these *all* of *C-l-d-n-n* Breed,  
 By Giant APPIUS maintain'd and fee'd ;  
*Numbers behind, of the same truckling Race,*  
*Numbers, to human Nature a Disgrace,*  
*Demand in our Dunces-Catalogue a Place.*

*A——rs, M——os, H——ns, and G——t,*  
*Gentry, who think no Sin so great as Want.*  
*These Trusty S——ts with Interest repay,*  
*The Ills from us they've suffer'd since that Day,*  
*When their br-b'd Members gave their Liberties away.*

How does their Nation now that *Loss* deplore,  
*Greater* than e'er they suffer'd heretofore,  
 When the dire Terror of our *Edward's* Arms,  
 Throughout their *trembling Land*, spread wide Alarms!  
 Oh ! let us, *grown* by their Example *wise*,  
 Be warn'd how we our *Freedom* sacrifice !  
 That *Few'l* once lost was never yet regain'd,  
 Let us not then by our own *V——s* be chain'd.

Ask *All*, the *French*, the *Swedes*, the *Danes*, if they,  
Cou'd they recover theirs, wou'd give't away?

But to the *Dunces* let's return again,  
Since num'rous *Blunderers* unfung remain,  
Who of Neglect shall have no Reason to complain. }

Shall *C——sh*, new grac'd with *S---pe's* Spoils  
With *APPIUS* list, and I not sing his *Toils*?  
*Toils* much more glorious, in our peaceful *Wars*,  
Where there's no *Danger*, but of *Venus' Scars*,  
Than those where tempting *Death*, from hostile *Hands*,  
His great Forefather fought on *C——s* Sands.  
O! did he live in these our happy *Days*,  
How wou'd he launch out in his *Kinsman's Praise*!

Nor will I *Timon's Heir* forget to sing,  
*Rewarded* for his *Service* with a *String*:  
Go on, gay *Knight*, by *Services* so plac'd,  
In Time you'll equal your good *Sire* in *Taste*.

See gentle *B——n* next a Place demands,  
Inlisted likewise in the venal *Bands*;



Little his *Dad*, the *honest Merchant* thought,  
He wou'd to v---e for an *Ex--se* be brought.

Lo! in the next Place an Embroider'd Knight,  
By a *Red Ribbon* made a *Profelyte* ;  
Where *Reason* and *Religion* wou'd have fail'd,  
Strange Force of Fancy! a *Red String* prevail'd.

But C---y had almost escap'd my Song,  
Tho' none more *zealous* in the gloomy Throng,  
To trample down what's *Right*, and vindicate what's *Wrong* :  
Perfist, gay *Statesman* in these arduous *Toils*,  
So shalt thou have thy *Share* of *Patriots Spoils*.

Young *Noodle* next demands Pre-eminence,  
Who, like his *Dad*'s at open War with *Sense* ;  
But then for *Courage* who'll with him compare,  
When, with *two Noodles* more, he cudgell'd one poor *Play'r*.

Foremost among that *venerable Band*,  
Of *solemn Dunces*, behold B----- stand,  
A *Saint* who never broke the *Sev'nth Command*.  
What tho' he's *covetous* of *Worldly Pelf* ?  
His *Neighbour's Wife* he loveth as himself.

But

But being fearful of the Morning Air,  
 “ He leave’s to *tatter’d Grape* the *Drudgery* of *Pray’r*.

Nor let sagacious *W—* be forgot,  
 In florid Speech who seconded the *Plot*,  
 For which poor *A—y* went to Pot.  
 And well it was that *Prelate* was sent hence,  
 Who was *fast-leagu’d* with *Wits* and *Men of Sense*,  
*Sworn Foes* to *APPRIUS*, and his *blund’ring Tools*,  
 Under whose *Auspices* this *Isle* he rules.

Fain wou’d I *H—* spare thee the *Disgrace*,  
 Of shewing with such *Blunderers* thy Face,  
 But thy *ENQUIRY* dooms thee to the Place.  
 Next Time you write, let *Reason* guide your *Pen*,  
 Nor prostitute your *Character* for *Gain* :  
 Yet have you not the *Prize* for which you waited,  
 You *hop’d*, like *Enoch*, to have been *translated*.

In the next Place comes *equitable ———*,  
 That *uncorrupted*, and *Law-learned Sage*,  
 At once the *Shame* and *Glory* of the Age.  
 He ne’er, by arbitrary *Statesmen*, *gain’d*,  
 The *Laws* t’ *oppress* unhappy *Culprits* *strain’d* ;

Nor



Nor did the Cause of LIBERTY betray,  
 By *fining* Pris'ners *more* than they can pay,  
 Witness poor ——— but the other Day.

After him ——— *justly* claims a Place,  
 Than whom none ever *more* the Bench did grace ;  
 On *publick* Festivals whilst *Bonfires* blaze,  
 His *City Charge* shall be *remember'd* to his Praise :  
 Babes yet unborn shall eccho out his Name,  
 When e'er a *R-----e's* committed to the *Flame*.

But not to dwell on these *Great Men* too long,  
 Others of *equal Worth* demand our Song.  
 View yonder *Levee*, where such Numbers wait,  
 Right *cringing* Slaves, *true Dunces* of the State ;  
*APPIUS* o'er *all* has *equal Influence*,  
 Some *Titles* gain'd, some *Places*, and some *Pence*.

'Mongst these *S---A---*'s comes his Court to pay,  
 Careless of *Fame*, so *Profit* leads the Way ;  
 Not so his *Sire*, who all his Posts *resign'd*,  
 Rather than give *one Vote* against his Mind,  
 Or with *sworn Foes* against his *Country* be combin'd.

Are my Eyes true, is *S—e* also stray'd !  
 Has he the Cause of *Liberty* betray'd !  
 My Sight deceives me sure, it cannot be,  
 'Tis not in Nature possible that he,  
 Whose witty Ancestor, *Apollo's* Care,  
 Proclaim'd against all *DUNCES mortal War*,  
 And made for *Liberty* such glorious Stands,  
 Shou'd *list* with *APPIUS* in his venal Bands.

Content to *bear* his *Yoke*, and *own* his *Sway*,  
 See *R---d* too the *BLUNDERER* obey ;  
 And certainly he *judges* very *right*,  
 His *Yoke* is *easy*, and his *Burthen* *light* ;  
 I mean to *Those* who for him *v—e*, or *write*.

Neither does *M--rs*, or *d-G--y* disdain,  
 To *crowd* his *Levee*, and enlarge his *Train* ;  
 But sure his — will not *always* reign.  
 Tho' now he like an *over-bearing Flood*,  
 Sweeps down before him all that's *Great* and *Good*.  
 'Tis not to *B—y*, or to *Cunning* giv'n,  
 To ward off *Justice*, when 'tis *edg'd* by *Heav'n*.  
 Full oft a *Meteor*, tho' exhal'd to th' *Skies*,  
 Falls to the *Earth*, and *falling*, *stinks* and *dies*.

Who



Who next of *Fortune's Fav'rites* claims a Place ?  
*Dunces* I sing, a *servile gloomy* Race,  
 And see, in Shoals, how they advance apace.

*P—*, the Offspring of a *godlike* Sire,  
 Who never gave *one single V—e* for *Hire*,  
*Older* and *Wiser* grown, thinks 't no Disgrace  
 To *prostitute* his *C——e* for a *Place*.

Nor shall enribbon'd *L—r* 'scape my Song,  
 Inlisted likewise in the *venal* Throng ;  
 Had *great Sir Philip* liv'd in this our Day,  
 He wou'd not have inlisted thus for *Pay*.

*T——e* next appears a *supple* Wight,  
*Deep learned* in *Intrigues* and *Deeds of Night*.  
 His Country's *Good*, had he but half so well  
*Study'd*, in *Senates* how wou'd he *excel* ?

Fain wou'd I spare the Youth, who, *nobly* born,  
 Accepts the *Spoils* from honest *C——n* torn ;  
 His *Sire* to *APPIUS* bore *invet'rate* Hate,  
 And wou'd have *crush'd* him, if not *snatch'd* by *Fate* :

How

How much more *Christian* than the *Sire*, the *Son*;  
To help *support* the *Man*, his Father *tumbled down* !

*M—d* next to be enroll'd requires;  
Whom his Sire's *excellent Example* fires ;  
Go on bright *P—r*, and tread in Paths the same,  
So shalt thou with him merit *equal Fame*.

Nor shall the *P—r* escape, of *Fame* assur'd,  
Whom *wav'ring* late a *Ribbon blue* secur'd ;  
*Pleas'd* with his *Leading-String*, he's chang'd in Note,  
And will for *APPIUS* either *speak*, or *v---e*.

*L—n* next appears to swell my Song,  
I' th' *mercenary Bands* *inlisted* long ;  
*Regardless* he of *popular Applause*,  
Still *drudges servile* on in *APPIUS* Cause.

Next *T—n* the *upright* comes in View,  
Always to *Int'rest* and to *APPIUS* true ;  
*Happy* the Nation where such *Chiefs* preside  
In Council, and her *awful* Senate guide !

But



But see C—s in the *hireling* Train,  
 Inur'd to v---e, as *Swissers* fight for *Gain* ;  
 Poor *Britain* ! Which such Troops are forc'd to pay,  
 As v---e thy *Liberties* each Hour away.

See *self-admiring* O— next advance,  
 Skill'd in his Youth t' excel in Drefs and Dance ;  
 What now do those Accomplishments avail,  
 When caught in *M—ge-Trap* he hangs his T--l !  
 Justly has Heav'n ordain'd to scourge the F--l,  
 Who was a *Tool* of *Pow'r*, shou'd be a *Woman's Tool*.

See *H—t* next in League with *APP I U S* join'd,  
 Erst his *sworn Foe*, tho' since he's chang'd in Mind ;  
 Brought over by a *P—ge* and a *String*,  
 A *Ribbon* sure's a strange *perswasive* Thing.

Him *M—n* follows close, a *servile Hack*,  
 As *Pack-Horse*, *Pack-Horse* follows in a Track ;  
 To *Show*, and *Title* both alike inclin'd,  
 'Gainst *Truth* and *Reason* both alike combin'd ;  
 Both by the self-same Arguments were won,  
 With both a *P—ge* did what *Sense* cou'd ne'er have done.

*L—l* and *M—n*, next to him succeed,  
 So from one *Fly-Blow* Scores of *Maggots* breed;  
 To *APPIUS*' *Favour* both have like Pretence,  
 Since neither ever *deviates* into *Sense*,  
 Nor can one of the other claim Pre-eminence.

On titled *DUNCES* I have dwelt full long,  
*DUNCES* of *meaner Rank* now claim my Song.  
 Tho' not so great in Rank, not *less* in Fame,  
 Nor of *less Use* in playing *APPIUS*' *Game*;  
 All *right Court-Cards* and ready at *Command*,  
 For if his *Game* you rightly understand,  
 The *KNAVES* are still the *best Cards* in his Hand.

Amongst *these E—s* demands the *foremost Place*,  
*E—s* not *dejected* by his late *Disgrace*;  
 Second in *Guilt* to none but *APPIUS*, as in *Brass*.  
 Happy was it for him, the *other Day*,  
 That *APPIUS* his great *Patron* had the *Sway*;  
 And *bent* his *trusty Favourite* to *save*,  
 Exerted all his *Pow'r* to *SCREEN* the *K—e*;  
 Warded the *Storm* from off his *guilty Head*,  
 And let it *burst* on others not so *bad*.

Thus



Thus the *fam'd Jonathan*, to *Thieves* well known,  
 Wou'd daily *truss* up *Villains* not *his own* ;  
 Whilst *his own Gang* effectually he *SCREEN'D*,  
 And with them good *Intelligence* maintain'd :  
 Go on my *trusty Reprobates*, said he,  
 Nor fear a *shameful End* at *Tyburn-Tree* ;  
 Whilst you are *brisk* and *ready* at a *Job*,  
*Securely* under my *PROTECTION* *Rob* ;  
 Nor doubt your *Safety*, or my *Influence*,  
 Whilst *BRIBERY* *prevails*, and you bring in the *Pence*.

*B—b* the *venal* next let's celebrate,  
 The *servile Tool* of every *K—e* of *S---e* ;  
 With, whom nor *Principle*, or *Honour* weigh,  
 When put in *Competition* with *C--rt-Pay*.

But *B—n* see to *Wit* turn'd *Renegade*,  
 And join'd with *DUNCES*, has *Wit's Cause* *betray'd* ;  
 Well judg'd ; who wou'd not prefer *B—s* to *Bays* ?  
 And a good *heavy Purse* to *empty Praise*.

In the next Place *P—s* and *B—r* view,  
 Brave Sons of *Mars* ! To *Gold* and *APPIUS* *true* ;

Who

Who that these *Tars*, no Conscience Use can say,  
 Since as they cannot *fight*, they'll v--e for *Pay*?

To *B—y* next let's turn our wond'ring Eyes,  
 Who, than his *honest* Ancestor *more wise*,  
 And by a *P---ge* tempted v--es for an *Excise* ;  
 Tho' nothing the proud Title shou'd him cost,  
 He'd find it *dearly* bought at *Honour* lost.

O blasting Sight, do I a *C—ll* see,  
 Combin'd against his Country's *Liberty* ?  
 'Tis well *great M—o'* sleeps now in's Grave,  
 Who *fought* so oft our *Liberties* to *save* ;  
 How wou'd he *blush* now were he to arise,  
 And see his *Kinsman* v--e for an *Ex--se* !

*D—n* next appears a *supple* 'Squire,  
 Whom wise Men laugh at, and whom Fools admire ;  
 Fain wou'd the *wealthy* DUNCE a *Wit* be thought,  
 But that's a *Title* is not to be *bought*.  
 Nor need there *greater Proof* that he's no *Wit*,  
 Than that with *APPIUS* he's a Favourite.

There



There *pigmy E*—be view with Aspect grave,  
 To *APPIUS* and to *Avarice* a Slave ;  
 In vain by *Gravity* for *wise* he'd pass,  
 The *gravest* of all Creatures is an *Ass*.

Next *H*—y's doughty *Second* see appear,  
 As void of *Sense*, as he wou'd seem of *Fear* ;  
 Blest *APPIUS* ! who such *Champions* maintains,  
 They need not dread the *knocking out* their *Brains* !

Yonder advances *F*—ue the *Dull*,  
 To *APPIUS* an *obsequious* humble *Tool* ;  
 Else wou'd not he a *Brother* see oppress'd,  
 And yet no *generous Anger* fire his Breast.

Go on my *supple C*—l, shut thine *Eyes*,  
 And to thy *Int'rest* all THINGS sacrifice ;  
 So mayst thou rise in Time to be a *Chief*,  
 And in *Terrorem* hang each petty *Thief*.

Him follows close a *DUNCE* of *Quality*,  
 To side with *APPIUS* drawn by *Sympathy* ;

O had he on that Day our *Laureat* been,  
 When th' *Ex-se Bill* fell ne'er to rise again !  
 Then shou'd he write it's *Fun'ral Elegy*,  
 And mourn its *Downfal* from a *HOLLOW TREE*.

Advance *L—p* nor need'st thou be aham'd,  
 To be with such a Tribe of *DUNCES* nam'd ;  
 Thou who alone *H--r--o* didst excel,  
 And for *Politeness* bear away the Bell ;  
 Thou who didst let *admiring Nations* see,  
 A *Hottentot* of *English Progeny*,  
 The *Proof* of *APPIUS*' great *Sagacity*.

With *M—t* my Pen I will not foul,  
 But leave him to be well chastis'd by *C—e* ;  
 For sure that Wretch deserves no better Fate  
 Who gives his *V--e* to ruin a free State.

How prone to swerve from Virtue are Mankind !  
 O—w behold with *APPIUS* combin'd !  
 How are our Hopes by this Alliance cross'd !  
 The *Man* of *Honour* in the *Courtier*'s lost :  
 In Time he may the curs'd *Exchange* deplore,  
 Of *Innocence* giv'n up for *Wealth* and *Power*.



*P—y* the next claims in our Verse a Place,  
 Fast leagu'd with *APP IUS* and his *blundering* Race;  
 How *weak* is *Blood*, where *stronger Int'rest* draws!  
 Else wou'd not he support the *servile Cause*;  
 Nor wou'd his *honest Brother* grieve to see,  
 So near a *Friend*, so link'd with *Infamy*.

Him *Y—k* and *T—t*, follow Hand in Hand,  
 Firm *Friends* to *APP IUS* and his *hireling* Band;  
 O *Eloquence* and *Learning* misapply'd!  
 With *Vice* to v—e, with *Villany* to fide!

Still there remains *unsung* a num'rous Crew,  
 To *D U L N E S S*, and to *APP IUS* ever true,  
 Whose *worthless venal Names* should I rehearse,  
 My *Ink* 'twou'd *stain*, and 'twou'd *defile* my Verse;  
*Unsung* then let them still remain for me,  
 I am not fond to rake in *Infamy*.

F I N I S.

P—y the next claims in our Velle a Place;  
Fast leagu'd with M P P U S and his blundering Race;  
How weak is Blood, where stronger I must draw;  
I'll wou'd not be support to this Cause;  
Nor wou'd his blood, Brother give to his;  
So near a friend, to link'd with I fear.

His T—A and Y—r, follow Hand in Hand,  
Firm I wou'd to M P P U S and his blundering Band;  
O that I wou'd and Learning multiply'd  
With Vice to counteract the way to Vice!



Still there remains warring a numerous Crew,  
To D u r r a s, and to M P P U S, ever true;  
Whole worlds of souls I wou'd should I repent;  
My wou'd I wou'd show, and wou'd I wou'd show;  
Using then let them still remain for me,  
I am not sent to take in I wou'd.



